one perfect evening

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one perfect evening

by Crydamoure

Summary

Butcher forgets to get rid of some old research, Homelander finds it. Everyone gets a bit nostalgic.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

[UNKNOWN NUMBER]
you've got some explaining to do

Butcher grimaced deeply at the phone in his hand. Sighing through his nose, he replied to the text, slowly talking out loud while typing:

"If it's the state of the apartment you're on about, feel free to grab a broom—" He paused to fix a typo and promptly added a finishing touch to the message before sending it: "—cunt."

His Uber driver glanced at him in the mirror, furrowing his brows in slight offense. Probably imagining some poor woman as a recipient and bristling on her behalf.

"Oh, 's okay, mate." Butcher leaned in, peeking his head between the front seats. The driver furrowed his brows even further. "It's a term of endearment."

"Sir, I'm gonna ask you to sit back." The driver replied curtly, not very happy with the invasion of his personal space, his eyes flicking between the road and the head hanging right above his shoulder. Butcher grinned tauntingly in response but promptly settled back.

He definitely wasn't going to get a good rating on this ride, but that was why he used burner phones to begin with. That and texting Homelander.

His phone vibrated again.

[UNKNOWN NUMBER]
i'm not talking about the usual squalor

Jesus, what could the blond cunt be complaining about now? Butcher grimaced at the screen again. He didn't even want to be here, he didn't want to be taking an Uber to the outskirts of New York at 2 AM, he didn't want to be burning one of his last remaining hideouts by sharing its location with Homelander.

Unfortunately, those things he didn't want to do were vastly outweighed by one thing he did want—which was to fuck Homelander again.

"We can still head back to mine." He muttered as his thumbs slid across the screen to type a response.

The driver glanced at him again, and Butcher met his curious gaze in the mirror. Oh, so now the guy wanted to know more about his evening plans. The driver looked away instantly once caught, and Butcher's phone buzzed again.

[UNKNOWN NUMBER]
not with all that surveillance on you

Butcher indulged in another exhale before replying. He made sure to recite his text out loud again, just to provoke another nosy glance his way from the driver: "Hughie means well."

This whole habit of frequently blowing off check-ins with his team to secretly go fuck Homelander had resulted in some of them getting worried. By some of them, he mostly meant Hughie. Frenchie and MM have been working with him for long enough to give Butcher space and let him work in his mysterious ways. But Hughie hasn't learned that yet, despite everything they went through. Butcher wasn't exactly happy when Homelander, who always scanned the whole neighborhood before landing on his balcony, let him know Hughie's car was parked right across the street, set up perfectly to watch his apartment. Butcher wasn't happy, but he was also touched. He assumed Hughie was just making sure he wasn't doing something stupid. Or self-destructive.

Well, unfortunately, he was. He would qualify having regular hook-ups with Homelander himself as something stupid. Probably self-destructive too, but Butcher didn't have a psychology degree to decide that, so he just stuck with stupid.

His phone buzzed. And again. And again.

[UNKNOWN NUMBER]
i don't want to hear about campbell tonight

[UNKNOWN NUMBER]
i do want to hear you explain this though

[UNKNOWN NUMBER]
received_image_100823.jpeg

Butcher squinted his eyes at the onslaught of texts and the photo the cunt sent over. It was a picture of a cardboard box on the floor, with the tips of Homelander's clown-red shoes still in the frame. He recognized the checkered tiles—yep, the cunt was already in the other apartment, probably got there a few seconds after he sent him the address. Already there and already snooping around, not waiting for the host to arrive. But Butcher couldn't exactly let Homelander know he was being a rude fucking cunt because he got distracted by the contents of the box.

"Shit." Butcher hissed at the phone. The driver smirked at him from the mirror, probably imagining he just got in trouble with the other party.

The apartment he sent Homelander to was one of his oldest New York hideouts. Nobody in his team knew about it. Not MM, not Frenchie, not even Mallory. He used to work out of it when their band broke up many years ago, back when he used to hunt Homelander all alone, still thinking he had Becca to avenge.

Something in him lurched, and it had nothing to do with the car turning the corner.

Stupid. Self-destructive.

Butcher shook his head and returned to the picture on the screen. The box was stuffed full of unlabeled DVD cases, various files, and printouts of paparazzi pics of a certain caped cunt. His research. His old Homelander research.

Oh, this was going to go straight to his bleached head.

Butcher sighed heavily, closing his eyes and sliding just a bit lower in his seat. He should just cancel the trip.

Probably on purpose, the Uber driver chose this specific moment to arrive at their destination.

"Is this the place?" The driver glanced at him again and had the gall to sound amused. Butcher opened one eye to look and was greeted by a familiar, sad-looking brownstone outside the window.

"Yeah. Sure is." Butcher muttered, patting his coat to make sure he had everything with him. Wallet, keys, cigarettes, and a small tube of lube—which he was now certain was going to remain in his pocket, gathering dust. Maybe he really should have stayed home.

Leaving the texts without an answer, he got out of the car. The driver flicked him one last amused glance before driving off, and Butcher almost flipped him the V. Almost. But what he actually did was go into the app and tip the guy generously. Most of his moral choices could be described as dangerously loose at best, but he still had some respect for the victims of the gig economy.

He sighed, slipping his phone back into his coat pocket and looking up to the top of the building. Once a fancy brownstone good enough for one fancy family, it had been chopped up and turned into a bunch of smaller apartments for rent—one of them, at the top, was his. Paid off many years in advance (thank you, blackmail money), he kept it as his emergency New York hideout.

Well, not after tonight, he supposed. Now that Homelander knew about it, he would have to get rid of it.

The window he was interested in was wide open, its curtain billowing gently in the cold, night wind. A very graceful break-in had already taken place.

Butcher winced as he fished out his other set of keys and rattled his way inside the building. There were three stories to climb, and as he did so, he busied himself with mentally planning out the purge of the apartment. The two of them were fucking regularly for almost a year now, but that didn't mean Butcher could afford to show his hand like that.

Even now, almost every instinct inside him was telling him to turn away and just go home. But there was also that one voice in his brain reminding him it'd been almost a month since he forced that so-called pinnacle of human evolution onto his knees right before him.

Too bad that wasn't going to happen tonight, he was sure of it now. He knew Homelander too well at this point.

Butcher was already grimacing when he opened the door and walked into the apartment. It was dark—at first, he thought that maybe he had forgotten to pay the electricity bills for this

place, but once his eyes adjusted, he could pick up a soft, blue glow coming from the living room.

And then a booming, yet soothing voice reached him too:

"It's been a tough time, this series of arsons would be frightening to anybody, but I believe that if we stick together—"

In total darkness, Butcher made his way to the room, stopping in the doorway to shed his coat and throw it on the nearest table. The window curtain was still billowing, and the TV was on, glowing. On the small rug in front of it was a box, with dozens of DVD cases vivisected around it, their silvery discs scattered everywhere. The couch was occupied. All Butcher could see was a blond head, slightly canted to one side, watching another blond head on the screen.

Butcher exhaled loudly. Christ Almighty.

The Homelander on TV was looking somber. But despite the seriousness of the situation he was reporting on, his eyes seemed brighter. Younger. Even the way he was standing next to the clearly smitten interviewer was just—more alive, more present. Simply happy to lend his assistance.

"And what are the Seven's next steps in making sure the people stay safe?" The reporter on the screen moved the mic back to Homelander, who eagerly leaned into it.

"We already have Lamplighter on the case—"

The younger Homelander got interrupted by a dark pit of sociopathy currently sitting on his couch:

"You know, I miss that hair." Homelander, the regretfully real Homelander, didn't even look away from the screen while addressing him. In contrast to the recorded footage, he sounded rather flat. "Hasn't been the same since we had to get rid of my favorite stylist."

Butcher shook his head, his little ritual against the annoying conversation that was surely going to unfold now.

"Yeah? What happened to her, you had to laser her dome off?" He asked in a tone that hopefully made it clear how little he cared about things that went down in that ivory tower of his.

"Uh, first of all, she was actually a *he*. Men can be stylists too." Homelander finally turned to look at him, his head peeking over the seat. "That was kinda sexist of you, William."

Butcher shook his head one more time. For good measure.

Leaving his coat behind, he turned his steps to the kitchen, making sure to walk in front of the screen to throw an unimpressed look at Homelander. The cunt was still in his garish suit, its flag-cape spread out on the couch and blocking anyone else from sitting down next to him. One of his legs was propped up on the seat as well, his boot fully on top of the soft cushion,

his thighs spread out to maximize his claim over the piece of furniture. His posture betrayed the kind of nonchalance only someone who hadn't gone through a forty-minute Uber ride to get here could have.

Homelander met his gaze and greeted him with the pleased narrowing of his eyes. Butcher scowled in response and continued to the kitchen, stepping over the box that he wished he could just chuck out of the window.

"Also—they got rid of him because he started talking about a union." Homelander's raised voice accompanied him to the other room, while the screen-Homelander continued to calm down the masses.

The kitchen was a mess. Mysterious bags everywhere, a few ancient takeout boxes left out on the counter, leaking old grease from their soggy corners. Butcher exhaled through his nose as he bent down to examine the contents of a small fridge. It was stocked with just a few bottles of beer and an unidentified condiment jar. He definitely didn't want to touch that, seeing as the last time he was here was at least a few months ago. But he did grab a bottle of a generic American beer, popped it open on the edge of the counter, and returned to the two Homelanders.

He stopped right next to the TV, putting himself in an unfair competition.

"Right then." Butcher paused to take his first swig of the beer that thankfully hadn't gone flat in his absence. He wiped his mouth and continued, his voice hoarse now: "Gonna check if the shower is still workin' and hit the bed, see yourself out when you're done."

"What are you talking about." Homelander raised a brow at him, picking up the remote that was resting between his spread thighs. He paused the recording, losing the little smirk on his face.

Butcher took another long swig of the beer before responding and gestured with the bottle at the screen. "I already know we ain't fuckin' tonight. You're gonna be stuck here till the mornin', watchin' this."

Homelander finally sat up like a normal human being, putting both of his boots on the floor. "Very funny."

"You hear me laughin'?" Butcher muttered before another sip.

"You know, you still haven't told me what even is all of this." Homelander nodded at the box on the floor. "Some of those pictures I've never even seen in my life."

"Opp research." Butcher shrugged with one shoulder, hoping the cunt would leave it at that.

Obviously, he didn't.

"Research," Homelander repeated in a very unimpressed tone. "On me."

"From before," Butcher added and suddenly regretted he didn't grab another beer with him. This felt like a two beer conversation.

He looked at the box as well, glancing at its overflowing contents. The TV recordings—he used to record the cunt's every single TV appearance. Didn't trust Vought+ to keep proper archives, so he burned them onto DVDs. Articles—from prestige magazines to complete rumor mill rags. Photos—some candid, some taken from quite afar, implying a strange vantage point that wasn't exactly legal. Reports—police, CIA, FBI, anything that mentioned Homelander, The.

"Was lookin' for an angle on ya." Butcher stared into the bottle in his hand. "Blackmail material, all of that."

He waited for Homelander to bristle—but he only laughed, an easy and languid sound.

"Oh, buddy. You think they'd let me out into the world without proper media training?" The cunt cooed at him. Homelander reclined on the couch and grabbed the remote again. "Look at him."

The red-gloved hand pressed the play button, and the echo on the screen started to move again, entering a brand-new recorded segment. Butcher flicked his half-lidded gaze to the TV, watching the younger Homelander fluster in front of the camera.

"Gosh—a special someone? Well, I wouldn't want to speak too soon but—"

He looked *adorable* in that interview; there was no other word for it, a fact that Butcher deeply resented. A grown man acting out the inherent embarrassment of having a crush, his body language straight from high school. The faint flush of his cheeks got briefly stuck underneath Butcher's eyelids as he blinked away from the recording.

His Homelander was still watching the screen, but his gaze seemed unfocused. "Yeah, he knows what he's doing."

The blond doll on TV smiled at the camera and at its older counterpart.

"Should I leave you two alone?" Butcher asked with a cocked brow.

"You know, this explains a lot about you." Homelander ignored his little quip but finally glanced away from the TV to look at him. He dropped the remote back between his thighs. "Like how obsessed you are with me."

"Obsessed." Butcher repeated in a scoff.

Homelander shot him a knowing look. And finally, he scooped his cape up to make some space on the couch next to him. Homelander beckoned with a smile: "Come here, William."

Butcher sighed before walking over to the cunt. He all but collapsed on the couch next to Homelander. The bottle in his hand sloshed dangerously as his back hit the cushions that were less comfortable than he remembered.

"I'm not mad." Homelander purred at him once he took the designated spot. He even dropped the layers of his bunched-up cape on top of Butcher's thighs."I'm flattered, obviously."

"And I'm pissed that I paid for an Uber here for nothin'." Butcher bit back, shoving the fabric off and staring at the current interview on the TV.

Another segment, the year in the corner of the screen said 2014. The younger Homelander was standing next to Queen Maeve, who also seemed a bit more lively, a bit more enthusiastic than the Maeve he used to know. A lot less exhausted. She was talking about a movie they presumably both starred in—but Butcher couldn't pay attention to what she was saying. His eyes kept drifting to Homelander, who was politely waiting for his turn to speak, hands clasped behind his back, blue eyes twinkling.

Butcher pressed the tip of the bottle to his lips, forgetting to drink from it. He just needed to feel something solid and cold.

When he first recorded these interviews, he went through them mechanically. Methodically. Scrubbed through them and wrote down important time stamps, topics to revisit. Homelander mentioned something about Iowa during an interview? Note to self, check newspaper archives for any Little League matches with Iowa teams that dominated the matches. Look for star players, check if they went on to join any teen Supe teams. That sort of thing. He never really paid much attention to the creature on the screen, aside from disgust.

The disgust was still there as he watched the recording while the real Homelander sat right next to him, spread out on his couch like he owned both it and Butcher. The disgust was still there, most of it directed inwards, but so was the simple, vein-throbbing thrill.

When he looked at Homelander now, he didn't quite look for soft spots to strike anymore, he looked for soft spots that would result in the loudest moan. He looked for them now too, his eyes scanning the screen in front of him, viewing the old footage through a completely different lens.

Butcher thought about how happy the screen-Homelander looked to be in front of the camera. So pleased to entertain. Serve.

He finally tipped the bottle, loudly swallowing the last bit of his beer.

"I just want to finish watching." The real Homelander glanced at his neck, his gaze summoned there by the bobbing of his Adam's apple. The blue eyes flitted lower and then even lower, before returning to Butcher's face. "And then we can do whatever it is you so badly need from me."

Butcher let out an annoyed huff of air over the bottle still pressed to his lips.

Both of their gazes wandered toward the screen at the same time.

"Excited for tonight's premiere, Homelander?" The red carpet interviewer asked, finally shifting his attention from the excited Maeve to the even more excited Homelander.

"Aw, you betcha." The younger Homelander confirmed, all smiles.

Butcher set down the now-empty beer bottle on the floor and asked with a jerk of his head: "How come you don't talk like that no more?"

"What do you mean?" The flesh-and-blood Homelander glanced at him without moving his head.

"You used to sound so different." Butcher reclined a bit. "All nice and polite."

"Someone in Marketing decided the quickest way to set people at ease is to make me talk like a midwestern bumpkin." Homelander hummed, his eyes back on the screen. An absent-minded but pleased grin stretched his lips. "But everyone wants the real me now."

Butcher grimaced but decided not to get into what the American people should want for themselves. After all, he really didn't have the moral high ground right now.

"So it was all an act." He summed up, crossing his arms over his chest.

"It's called a public persona." Homelander corrected him, shooting him a flat look.

The recorded interview finally reached its end, stopping at an awkward frame of Maeve mid-sentence. Butcher caught Homelander longingly glance at the DVDs strewn about on the floor and decided to act quickly.

"Can you still do it?" Butcher uncrossed his arms, laying his palm flat on the cushion between them.

Homelander turned to him immediately, his brows drawn together.

"Can I what?" He followed up with a question.

"Talk like that." Butcher shrugged.

"I could do it in my sleep," Homelander replied, his head tilted to the side now. "Why, you got a flyover state fetish?"

Butcher treated him to a twitch of his lips, almost a smile. And then he reached between Homelander's thighs for the remote, keeping his hand there for longer than he should, so clumsy, blindly pawing between the padded legs, while the cunt tried to keep his face still. He was pretty good at acting disinterested, but he caught that little twitch of his jaw, then his nostrils flaring. Now Butcher grinned in earnest, finally fishing the remote out and turning the TV off.

Homelander glanced at the now dead screen, but before he could protest, Butcher threw the remote on the floor. It had barely finished clattering when he asked:

"Show me."

The caped Supe stared at him, clearly suspicious of some play at hand—but then all at once, the wrinkles on his forehead smoothed. It looked like he gave himself over to something and then, sure enough, an upbeat echo of a recording:

"You want a classic?" Homelander smiled brightly, and he did so perfectly, just like someone from TV. All of a sudden, he looked so trustworthy with his blue eyes open so wide, so exposed, no space for any threats or lies to lurk behind them. "You want me to tell you're safe and it's all under control now that I'm here?"

"Christ." Butcher shook his head, holding Homelander's gaze, holding the difference. "That ain't normal."

"No, that's called being professional." Homelander canted his head from side to side, keeping the friendly smile and the happy tone of his voice.

"You're one uncanny bastard, you know that?" Butcher muttered.

"Aw, shucks." Homelander breathed out, the fluster in his voice reaching comical levels fast.

Butcher snorted. And climbed to his knees on top of the couch. "Keep goin'."

"Why?" Another overpronounced dog-like tilt of the blond head.

Every gesture Homelander made seemed so much bigger now, so much more digestible for a camera or an audience in the back row. Perfect for another recording. And some stray part of Butcher's brain did wish he could pull out his phone and just hit record without the cunt lasering through it immediately. He did like to catalogue him, an instinct that apparently never went away.

For now, he satisfied himself with slowly crowding Homelander in. Crawling up and into him, one hand braced on the seat cushion, another on the back of the couch. He leaned in and in, shifting on his knees, until the cunt finally got the memo—Homelander slowly reclined all the way back, graciously letting himself get pinned flat underneath him. Butcher kept going, his dog tags slipping out from underneath his shirt, swinging between them and briefly stealing Homelander's attention like a set of dangling keys, before those blue eyes shifted back to him, waiting.

"'cos I like that. I like you soundin' so nice and proper for me." Butcher shrugged casually with one shoulder. The cunt was quiet now, probably because the topic at hand was him. Butcher grinned before the final blow: "Real eager to please."

Homelander's reaction was immediate once the phrase sank in. A distracted blink, a twitch of his brows, a little shake of his head—maybe confused by the sheer effect those few words had on him. But then he was scoffing loudly, and there he was again, his Homelander, the cunt supreme. The blue eyes narrowed viciously, and the TV-friendly smile had to make space for a very honest scowl. A gloved hand pushed up against Butcher's sternum, easily prying him off and pushing him back.

"Oi—" Butcher tried protesting.

"Figures." Homelander lifted himself up on his elbows, still scowling, as Butcher sat on his heels between the Supe's legs. "You just want to order me around again."

"And you're tellin' me you don't want me to order you around again?" Butcher cocked a brow at him, tucking his dog tags back. Really, most of the time they fucked, it started with Homelander posturing and ended with him begging for more. At this point, Butcher hoped there would be less of the former. He sighed, leaning in again and trying to find that perfect pinning position one more time. "Honestly, after you dragged me out here in the middle of the night, I ain't settlin' for anythin' less."

The same gloved hand stopped his approach again, this time pressed up against his forehead, in a strangely demeaning way. That sweet, heroic voice was fully gone now as Homelander hissed at him: "The only reason we're here is because your apartment is being watched by—"

"Alright then." Butcher cut him off by sitting back and clapping his hands. Loudly. "Suit your fuckin' self."

He started to get up. Slowly. On purpose.

"Hey-hey, relax, William." Homelander stopped him with one outstretched leg before he could go anywhere. Butcher's knees bumped against his padded shin like it was a turnstile. "I'll bite. But only because it's been a while."

"Yeah, keep tellin' yourself that." Butcher snapped back at him, sitting on the couch again. Homelander didn't need to know that was the same thing he said to himself a couple of times today already.

Homelander was still lying flat on the couch as he rolled his eyes at him. "So what, you want me to act for you? Give you a bit of classic Homelander while you jerk one off in the corner, buddy?"

Not even remotely what he was going for. Not that he knew exactly what he was going for—but whatever it was, it involved way less lip from Homelander.

Butcher sighed and flippantly gestured at Homelander. "Just say you don't know how to play nice anymore ever since you shifted to bein' your authentic cunt-self full time."

Homelander threw a very flat but firm look at him. "I am playing nice."

"Yeah?" Butcher asked, very dubiously.

"You're still alive, for one." Homelander reminded him dryly. And then he bristled, only now catching the little challenge Butcher snuck in for him earlier: "Wait, I could act circles around you, I kept that up for years, but why would I? For you?"

The cunt topped off his question with a quick, disbelieving snort, as if the idea of doing something selfless for Butcher was some funny joke he had never thought of before.

"People do that, you know. Pretend, mess about. Do scenes in bed." Butcher replied, still holding on to whatever patience was left in him.

"Perverts do." Homelander agreed, now even more amused with him. "Like you."

Something in Butcher's face must have shifted and announced another threat of leaving because he didn't even need to say anything. Homelander only needed one look at him before he was sitting up properly to stop him again: "Hey, I said I'll bite. I am a bit curious to see what a disturbed guy like you will get out of this." Homelander glanced at the box on the floor and then at Butcher again, slightly more serious. "But what's in it for me?"

Butcher dismissively shrugged with one shoulder. He rarely approached things in life with Homelander's pleasure as the main outcome. He rarely did that with other men in general. He did plenty of scenes and routines in his life, especially during those years after the British Army and before moving to the US. He just didn't partake much. He just barked his orders and got what was his.

But if showing a bit more initiative was going to get what he wanted all along, one of Homelander's holes, wet—then he could do it. His eyes wandered to the incriminating box on the floor, then back to Homelander. The cogs were turning in that vapid head of his, Butcher could see that in the way he looked so intently at him.

"I don't care. You can pretend I'm your stalker fan." He proposed, somewhat flippantly.

The effect went beyond his imagination.

"Fuck." Homelander hissed loudly, suddenly angry—but at himself. Butcher blinked as the cunt threw himself back on the couch again. Homelander sighed at the ceiling, admitting: "Those are my favorite."

Butcher considered asking a question, but decided he didn't want to know more. Unfortunately, Homelander continued on his own.

"I used to have this insane stalker, I think like ten years ago? She used to sneak onto every single movie set I was on. Every single one." Homelander glanced at him, now dreamily. "I once watched her grind on the door handle to my trailer to a gushing, and I mean gushing, orgasm before security dragged her away."

Butcher blinked again. And slowly replied: "Right. Well, I won't be doin' that."

"No, no." Homelander waved his hand. But he seemed fully on board now. Energized even. "But you won't have to do any character work at all, you can just…" Homelander paused to look him up and down. "...be yourself. Alright, give me the premise."

"What?" Butcher furrowed his brows.

"You want my old public persona, but I never did private meet-ups with fans—they never let me. So why would we even be in a scene together?" Homelander replied, a twinge of impatience in his voice.

"Okay, hold on, you know this is us fuckin' and sayin' a few dirty things not… puttin' on a West End production, right?" Butcher shuffled back a bit to see Homelander better.

"Well, if you want it to be believable, I need details." Homelander crossed his arms over his chest. "It's your idea, so give me the premise."

Butcher sighed, long and hard.

"Okay, forget about it. We can just fuck." He shrugged, reaching to unbuckle his pants.

"No." Homelander smiled from his comfortable position, stretching his leg and placing his red boot over his hand, pinning it down. He repeated his question in a sing-songy voice: "What's the premise, William?"

Butcher stared at the clown-red audacity unfolding in his lap and shook his head. He never should have said anything; he never should have taken that Uber ride here. He threw his other arm up, offering the first idea that came to his mind:

"I won a contest. The prize was meetin' you." He glared at the cunt. "That good enough for ya?"

Homelander chewed on that for a while—but he did remove his boot from his crotch.

"What type of contest?" He asked back.

"I don't bloody know. A radio contest?" Butcher raised his voice, exasperated.

"Oh, don't insult me." This was the wrong answer, judging by the way Homelander rolled his eyes and repeated after him with a scoff: "A radio contest."

Butcher wordlessly slid a hand down his face and kept it there to protect himself from having to look at the cunt. Homelander relented after that lack of an answer.

"Fine. Fine. A radio contest. And you won a day with Homelander." He summed up.

Maybe they were getting somewhere. Butcher peeked at him between the splayed fingers of his hand and corrected him in a hoarse tone: "One perfect evening."

"Okay, an evening." The cunt nodded.

"A perfect evening." Butcher insisted.

"Hmm." Homelander squinted one eye at him. "Perfect for you, I'm guessing."

"Yes." He growled. "Absolutely fuckin' perfect."

"Hmm." Homelander let out another humming noise, but it sounded somewhat agreeable, so Butcher prayed that it signaled the end of that conversation. The cunt sat up, both feet on the floor now, and suddenly added his side of the bargain, pointing at Butcher: "But you signed an NDA before that."

"Sure. Make it five. Five different NDAs." Butcher forced a reply through his gritted teeth.

"Alright." Homelander finally, finally agreed. And then directed a very piercing side-glance at him alongside a smug question: "You're going to get disgusting, aren't you?"

"Can we get on with it?" Butcher chose not to reply.

The red-gloved hands flew up to Homelander's hair, slicking it back—maybe in preparation for the rest of the night. Homelander dropped his palms, politely folded them over his knees. And then the cunt tilted his head at him, the angle of it so self-pleased again.

"Well, you gotta say action first." Homelander purred.

"Fuck off." Butcher followed his instruction.

"Hi there!" Homelander immediately chirped back at him, making Butcher reel from the ease with which he returned to the bright-eyed and bushy-tailed version of himself. It was short-lived, though. Homelander suddenly snorted explosively, twisting his entire body away from him. Butcher watched him, bewildered, until he couldn't help it—and he cracked up too, forgetting he was supposed to be annoyed at Homelander.

"I thought you was professional!" Butcher exclaimed with the fake outrage of someone going straight to a blooper reel.

"It's your face—" Homelander protested before clearing his throat, putting an end to his snickering. Butcher watched him sit up, stretch his neck side-to-side, roll his jaw, and huff out the last bit of amusement. "Okay. I got it back." He turned to Butcher again, the beaming smile present on his face like nothing had happened.

A different kind of Homelander was blinking pleasantly at him now. A brand new spandex-clad doll was sitting on the couch next to him and announcing, "Well, you must be the lucky winner!"

Butcher stalled, letting his smile wane and disappear. His eyes roamed over the TV man in front of him, trying to pinpoint what exactly changed in those few seconds. It had to be those details, the small, small meticulous details. The Homelander he was used to should be slouching, waiting for him to make a move. This was one was—disciplined. Sitting straight like a ruler, his hands in plain view, so he could trust them. Staring at Butcher with focus, his entire, blue-tinted attention devoted to him and only him.

Christ, the cunt was good, Butcher had to admit that.

And as he usually did when he saw something impressive, he wondered how to break it.

He grinned.

"Sure am. Your biggest fan." Butcher finally joined him on the stage, reaching out with his hand.

A very firm, yet careful handshake met him halfway. Homelander chuckled in a rich and warm way, somehow tucking away his usual cruel and high-pitched laughs.

"Aw, heck—you know, when I heard about the contest, I told the team we just have to do this. I don't get to meet my fans often enough. Too busy with the Seven, I'm sure you understand." The blue eyes were still fixed on him and only him, the handshake was still going, slow and gentle. Homelander then added seriously, so seriously Butcher almost believed him: "This really means a lot to me."

"Yeah. Sure." Butcher was still watching him, not quite listening, still analyzing the way the planes of Homelander's face seemed to shift in a completely brand-new and mesmerizing way.

The Supe smiled at him with a hint of awkwardness, but even that was screen-ready. The gloved hand slipped out of his grasp, back to his pressed together knees, so prim and proper. Altar boy, star pupil, all those boyish attributes he would have never thought to connect to the usual spoiled beast he dealt with.

"Everything alright, sir?" Homelander asked so politely.

Sir. He liked that. He hoped the cunt would stick to it and not ask for a fake scene-name. Butcher shook his head.

"Just starstruck, is all," Butcher muttered.

An easy laugh, nothing pompous in it, nothing so superior. Homelander waved his hand, but even that was a careful gesture, slow enough to avoid startling anyone. "I hear that a lot but, please—just think of me as one of your work buddies."

"Yeah?" A noise was all Butcher could make. An energetic nod replied to his non-question.

"I always say everyone in the Seven is just like anyone you'd meet on the street… well, maybe with a little more spandex in the wardrobe." Homelander winked, a picture perfect send-off to a line he must have said a thousand times.

Butcher wordlessly watched him. Homelander treated him to another awkward twitch of his lips and then he sat up, booming cheerfully at him again and quickly filling in the silence:

"So, a whole evening, huh? Got anything in mind? Folks usually want to tag along to a save." Homelander smiled at him. "Maybe a flight or—"

"Hey, sit closer." Butcher interrupted him.

Homelander blinked. It was a really good blink. A cartoonish, perfectly innocent expression, marred only by a hint of something knowing in his eyes—but as soon as it appeared, it was gone, leaving only polite hesitation.

"Sorry?" The Supe asked, still smiling.

"Sit closer. I wanna see you when I talk to you." Butcher shrugged.

"Right, of course. Not a problem, sir." Homelander shifted closer, almost immediately.

"Closer." Butcher pressed his side into the seat of the couch, putting his arm on top of it, twisting toward the brightly-colored Supe. There was still plenty of space between them.

Homelander looked away, his gaze sweeping the room from corner to corner—something he did often, acting or not. Always checking for cameras that could be filming him and getting footage of him in a vulnerable position. Which usually happened when it was just the two of them in one room together. But then he was back with him, responding slowly but decidedly: "Reckon that's close enough." A respectful pause. "Sir."

"What's the matter?" Butcher raised his voice, immediately talking over him. "I just wanna see you properly when we talk about the rest of my evening."

"It's just a bit inappropriate." Homelander wasn't smiling anymore. Butcher had to take over the grinning duty in the scene now.

"I thought you said you wanted to get closer to your fans." Butcher canted his head slightly.

Homelander pressed his lips together, forming a thin grim line. Not happy about getting caught in a conversational trap, a strangely familiar look on him. But then no snapping or threatening followed, only a quiet chuckle in a very tame attempt to diffuse the situation.

"Heck." Homelander shifted slightly and forced a smile back on. "I did say that, didn't I?"

"Ah, mate, come on. I ain't that scary." Butcher asked, still looking for those soft spots. "Just sit closer, that's all I'm askin' ya to do."

And then Homelander did shift closer—but before he did, he threw a chilling glance his way, the polite and concerned mask slipping for just a second as he informed him: "Just so you know, if this was actually happening, you'd be already dead."

"Didn't ask." Butcher patted at the bit of space between them, ignoring the metacommentary.

"It's just not very realistic." Homelander continued while he shuffled just the tiniest bit closer, their thighs almost touching.

"Ain't goin' for realism." Butcher reminded him dryly.

But Homelander clearly was, seeing as he was already back in character, staring at the point where their legs were pressed against each other: "I think that's close enough, sir."

Butcher could get used to seeing him like this, to those big blue eyes flicking around the room, to those eagle-bearing shoulders held up so high and defensively. Even if it was just an act. The grin on his face was back as he shrugged at the cunt, knowing exactly which string to pull to get him to talk next.

"Oi-oi, relax, eh? I just wanna see ya up close—I watch you all the time on TV, but it's nothin' compared to the real thing." He breathed, propping his head up on his fist.

Homelander narrowed his eyes, slightly suspicious, but at least he was looking at him again. "That's very kind of you to say, but I'm not exactly..."

"Oh, I know." Butcher interrupted him and enjoyed the fact he could do that safely, no hissing and sputtering in return. "But I won the contest, fair and square, yeah? And I just decided that my biggest wish is to see my favorite hero sit in my lap." A little pause. "So I can appreciate him properly."

He patted his thigh, the one closest to Homelander. The clapping noise was deafening in the silence that ensued. Finally, Homelander spoke again.

"That cannot be in the terms of service." He said slowly. "Sir."

Still polite, despite the unhinged nature of his ask. The hold the cunt had over that innocent hero role was genuinely impressive.

"I think the terms of service say I get a perfect evening with The Homelander. Whatever that entails." Butcher countered with a disregarding jerk of his head to the side.

It felt strangely satisfying to meet Homelander on the only battlefield the cunt actually respected: contracts, terms of service, NDAs. Silly scraps of paper to Butcher, but symbols of absolute power to Homelander. And now he got to play with them too. Which Homelander didn't seem to like, judging by how hard he clenched his jaw. Or just acted like he didn't, since he was the one who handed that rustling paper leash to Butcher in the first place. Maybe he was just giving him a narrative shortcut to where Butcher wanted him all along.

He clapped his thigh again to hurry him up. A muscle cord in Homelander's neck jumped at the sound, and it didn't seem human that he even knew how to force that.

Butcher sighed. "Look, mate, I could be callin' your legal team to settle this, but the clock's tickin', yeah? We have an evening, not two or three business days."

Their legs were still touching. They've fucked in so many different ways in this past year, so many novel and panting configurations of their bodies, but it was currently the laughably chaste press of clothed thighs that was making Butcher's guts restless.

"I guess you don't really care about your fans." Butcher continued and sucked on his teeth with a loud, disregarding noise. "Makes me think it's all an act."

He watched Homelander's face twist into something authentically agonized as he looked around again. His red gloves creaked as the polite palms on his knees curled into decidedly less friendly fists. But then a very shaky exhale and a surrender followed.

"Just for a second, okay, sir?" Those blue eyes turned to him again. Huge beyond belief.

Butcher heard the cape rustle before he felt a leg swing over his thighs—a sudden weight deposited on top of him, braced by two red gloves on either side of his head. Butcher didn't waste time and quickly pushed his spine deeper into the couch, easily accepting a body decked in foam.

Not even the first time they sat like this. But there were usually fewer clothes between them. And Homelander didn't have to pretend he didn't want to be there and didn't have to keep a

respectful but awkward gap between them. It was up to Butcher to do something about that space. He quickly reached behind Homelander, his fingers twisting into it, trying to pull him closer—

An instant, stern protest. "I'd appreciate it if you didn't touch the cape."

Homelander moved fast as he turned around to wrestle the cape away from him. Butcher didn't even get to blink, and his hand was suddenly empty, the insides of his palm burning from the violent drag of the fabric—but in the scuffle, everything magically worked out exactly how he wanted to. The spandex-clad knees squeezed around Butcher's thighs, the fake six-pack was pressed flush against his chest now, and the equally stuffed codpiece ground against his crotch.

They both choked on the same throaty grunt, but Homelander was the first to recover. He still had a character to play.

"With all due respect, sir, I think this will have to do." Homelander's head whipped back to him, releasing the cape in his hand and letting it drape over Butcher's knees.

The cunt was still keeping it professional, even though Butcher could guess what was currently beginning to unfold underneath all that generous padding between his legs. He snorted—and hooked his arm around Homelander's waist, his elbow jutting out sharply around all that fake softness. Homelander responded to that by putting both of his hands on his shoulders, maybe to stop him from getting too handsy—and grinding up just a tiny bit. A shallow inching of his hips, up and down again, so minuscule it could pass off as just fixing his position on top of Butcher's thighs. But they both knew better. Butcher almost snorted again.

"Oi, I have a whole evening with you, remember? You don't want me to complain to—…" Butcher's voice trailed off as he racked his brain for a good threat. What should he say, a manager? That almost sounded too mundane for this situation. He was never good at the corporate chain of command, too many executive somethings. But he had to throw someone out.

He didn't even notice when he began to pay attention to the script as well.

"Stillwell. Madelyn Stillwell." Homelander suddenly helped him out in a stage whisper, his lips next to his ear—while those padded hips of his started a quiet, discreet rhythm of grinding on top of him.

Butcher blinked. But went with the suggestion from the crowd and continued:

"—to your handler, Stillwell, I think? She'd be real cross with ya, mate."

The cunt gasped quietly the second Butcher finished his threat, his hot breath enveloping his earlobe completely.

Butcher never really understood what sort of relationship the two of them had. Had to be all sorts of complicated if Homelander casually killed Madelyn Stillwell in front of him all those

years ago, but was now evoking her name while pressing his cock against the zipper of his pants.

"N-no, that won't be necessary, sir," Homelander replied, sitting up and loud again, back in his role. Both eager and embarrassed, a simple country boy, baseball and apple pie. "You're right, we—signed a contract."

The rubbing motions of Homelander's hips got immediately desperate. Those weren't shy stutters anymore; those were dragged-out slides with only one possible goal: getting through the unfeeling barrier of the foam that was trapping what had to be an already hard cock. Butcher craned his head up, looking for the cunt's face, finding his eyes half-closed, his lips parted to breathe—and he had to wonder if it was a vision of punishment or a reward from his handler that just spurred him on.

And then he got jealous of a dead woman.

So he pulled Homelander closer, physically dragging his attention back to himself and squeezing his arm around him as hard as he could. The cunt glanced down at him, focused on him again. The soft but insistent press of the pillow-like codpiece against Butcher's own cock wasn't doing much for him—but it was doing something.

"That's right, let's both get comfortable," Butcher growled, sinking his fingertips into the foam.

"You know," Homelander started. "My fans usually—" A quiet grunt as their hips connected again. "—just ask for a selfie with me."

"What can I say." Butcher leaned back, giving Homelander easier access to the solidness of his body, inviting him higher than just his crotch. "They're not as dedicated as me."

"What makes you different?" Homelander asked, his voice getting lower, just a bit. Had to be hard to keep up the fake innocence of a caped saint while not-so-discreetly grinding his dick on another man's stomach, but he was definitely putting in the effort.

Butcher laughed, squeezing at the waist in his grasp again. "I've been watchin' ya. For a long time now."

"Everyone's watching me," Homelander replied with another shallow slide of his hips. He sounded distracted now.

"Yeah? They look at you like I do?" Butcher asked, craning his head up.

Homelander stilled. He stared down at him.

Butcher thought of the first time their eyes ever met, right above the many heads of oblivious race-goers. He thought of the way he found Homelander's gaze and reeled it in by looking straight at him with a smirk on his face. Everyone else in the audience was watching a fake spectacle of a different kind, but Butcher had to keep looking, had to keep holding his gaze.

Just to let Homelander know that he knew who he really was. And that he was coming for him.

Butcher wore the same little smile now, the same challenge in his eyes. Homelander tried his hardest to hold it, keep it, stay still while pinned underneath that gaze, but he couldn't, not for long, and he blinked away—and Butcher didn't miss how rattled the darting of his eyes was.

Nobody ever met Homelander head-on, Butcher knew that. Nobody except for him.

A cavalcade of frustrated facial twitches followed next. Homelander craned his head away, and a muscle under his left eye jumped violently as he did. He probably didn't know what to do with the way Butcher watched him. Used to awe and fear, but not recognition. An angry exhale, and then Homelander's head dropped low, still avoiding his eyes. Butcher almost laughed.

He clapped on the padded hip, now ready to claim his prize. "Why don't you hop off and go check what's in my coat, yeah? Left pocket."

"I already know what's in it. I x-rayed it when you came into the room, sir." Homelander had trouble finding that fake politeness of his; there was a high-strung warble that infected his words—but he managed. Butcher watched him glance at something behind the couch, probably the coat he mentioned just now. The coat with a tube of lube he thought they would never get to use tonight.

"So you knew where this evening was goin', huh?" Butcher jostled him on top of himself, mostly to wake up the circulation in his legs. Homelander may have been half-foam, half-man, but he still had some weight to himself that he was beginning to feel. "You knew this whole time and you was just playin' hard to get."

Finally, that annoyed the cunt into looking at him again, more of that fake script at the ready. "Sir, I really don't like what you're implying. First off, I'm a god-fearing American and I only date—"

"I ain't implyin' shit, you're the one humpin' me through that pillow on your crotch." Butcher bounced his right knee up and down again.

"I should also remind you about that NDA you signed—" Homelander ignored him and babbled on.

"Yeah, yeah." Butcher interrupted him impatiently one more time, pointing with his thumb to the side. "Get off. Grab the lube, get naked. You've teased us both enough."

To prove a point, he reached for Homelander's right hand, prying it off his shoulder and manoeuvring it lower and lower, meeting no resistance whatsoever. The limb went where he put it, and where he put it just happened to be right on top of his own thickening cock. "Feel that?"

Homelander obediently investigated the swell in his pants, his thumb following the curve of his zipper. He suddenly removed his palm—only to pull his red glove off it with his teeth and

eagerly cup his cock again, but with a bare hand. The unhurried sort of pleasure Butcher got from all of that squirming on top of him all at once turned solid and urgent.

"Actually, that happens around me all the time, sir." Homelander's words were distorted by the glove hanging from his teeth, but he managed to sound sorry. His next action seemed less so. Butcher barely held back a grunt when the hand cupping his cock squeezed it.

He immediately grabbed the dangling glove and yanked it down like a leash, making their skulls clash together with a dull, ear-ringing ache. At least his ears were ringing now; the cunt probably didn't even feel anything, but he grunted in surprise all the same, which Butcher found just as satisfying. Ignoring the pain, he pushed his forehead against Homelander's, up and into him, two mad bulls locked together.

"Bedroom. Now." Butcher barely managed to push that order through his teeth. The glove he won in this scuffle creaked in his fist.

Homelander pulled back and ducked his head to his ear again. Butcher briefly wondered if he was doing that only to avoid those imaginary cameras of his picking up on him saying something unscripted. A theory proven right when he heard Homelander's urgent stage whisper again, his breath on his ear hotter than it was before: "I'll suck your cock. Right now. I want to."

Butcher inhaled sharply, his eyelids fluttering as his mind got attacked by a mental image of that blond head bobbing between his thighs—but he valiantly pried Homelander away, grabbing at his chin and pushing. Hard. Every muscle in his arm locked up painfully from effort before the cunt got the hint and backed away to meet his gaze.

"No." Butcher was loudly whispering too, somehow dragged into this lunacy as well. "What I want is to fuck that god-fearin' arse of yours hard enough you forget your next line."

Homelander's eyes unfocused, a few rapid blinks followed—before he was opening them wide again, and he nodded at him. Or he shuddered, it was hard to tell. But there was no doubt about his next reply:

"Yes, sir." Homelander confirmed in a low, rough voice.

Just two words were enough to make Butcher's cock twitch in its confinement. Homelander was still keeping to the script, no matter what.

He needed to see him crack, he needed to scramble his brains so badly he couldn't keep it up.

Homelander climbed off, fast enough to make Butcher groan from the sudden lack of pressure on top of himself.

The Supe started to fall apart in front of his eyes: the belt, the eagles, the cape, the other glove, then the boots. Bits and pieces of him landing on the floor. There was no expression on his face, just pure focus on the task of undressing. Butcher followed suit and rushed to kick off his own shoes, get up, unzip his pants—then he was stepping out of them, one leg still caught on his foot as he hobbled over to the coat and the lube hidden in it.

Someone half-naked pushed past him, wrestling with navy spandex stuck over his head.

Butcher shook off his pants, tried his best to undo his shirt, but in the end, he just yanked it open with a patter of buttons hitting the floor and rolling away.

The bedroom was where he left it all those months ago. Sparsely decorated, barely any furniture. The bed didn't even have any pillows or covers on top, just a thin layer of sheets. Butcher belatedly remembered he had to throw most of his bedding away after he bled all over it, following some angry bar fight.

Homelander was already sitting at the edge of the mattress, completely naked. His bony thighs were spread wide so that his cock could jut out between them, finally free of that cruel padding. Butcher glanced down at it then up at the very expectant blue eyes that were watching him.

"C'mon." He jerked his head at Homelander, who reclined slightly to see him better. "I'll prep you."

Homelander didn't reply, but he did pull his legs up to settle on top of the bed.

"Guess I was wrong about you. You go above and beyond for your fans, huh?" Butcher asked, placing his knee on top of the mattress. The shirt that hung open from his shoulders swayed gently as he climbed on.

"You bet I do." Homelander spread his thighs while flat on his back, no prompting necessary. A small hum escaped him when Butcher kneeled between his legs, grabbing one of them and bending it toward the Supe's chest and opening him up in a practiced way. Homelander couldn't or didn't want to stop the grin unfurling on his face as he added: "You guys are the real heroes."

Butcher froze for a second, not even remotely ready to hear that empty platitude of a catchphrase breathed out at him like that. He stared at the naked Supe under him, one hand on his knee, the other wrapped around the lube he just popped open. Finally, Butcher slowly shook his head: "You absolute nutter."

The grinning man underneath him didn't wink at the camera or his audience of one, but he might as well have done that, the way he met his gaze was certainly triumphant enough.

Now Butcher had to wonder who'd break who tonight.

He squeezed the tube in his right hand, harder than he should have. Some of the transparent liquid loudly spurted out onto the bedsheets. He needed to hurry up and shut the cunt up, there was no way he would ever let Homelander best him at his own idea.

Without warning, he reached in to press two of his cold, slicked fingers against Homelander's hole. At least that wiped the grin off his face. Homelander inhaled loudly—but then he was grabbing both of his thighs to draw them closer to his chest, opening himself so helpfully.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say you've done this before," Butcher murmured, pouring more lube onto the hole right in front of him. He rubbed just the tip of his finger first in a slow, testing motion.

"No comment," Homelander replied, casually glancing down at where his hand was pushing in.

It sounded like he was trying to summon back that TV-ready delivery, and Butcher couldn't have that, so he shuffled closer, sat down on his heels, and unceremoniously pushed his lubed-up finger deeper. A little stifled noise rewarded him, so he started to piston it in and out, a few shallow pushes to just get that slide going.

The body below him shuddered but accepted him so easily it almost felt like cheating. His other hand was free, so Butcher took an opportunity to press it against Homelander's ballsack, gently rub and push it up against his furiously red shaft. Homelander shuddered again, his head hit the mattress, and Butcher didn't miss the way he looked up at the ceiling in an instant, utter bliss.

"Well, someone definitely showed you the ropes," Butcher murmured again, still kneading at the sack, still massaging it against Homelander's cock. Then he pulled out his finger, switching to just teasing the rim with his thumb, gathering up all the lube he spilled around it, and pushing it in. The cunt sighed, relaxing into the circling motion and closing his eyes.

Butcher briefly thought about the first time he had stretched him and then fucked him with a toy. All those annoying safety precautions they had to take that night—but the end result was so, so worth it.

This was probably the worst part of fucking Homelander, in general. So much hassle, but always worth it in the end. It drove Butcher nuts, and then it made him come back over and over. He thought about all of that as he absent-mindedly petted the slicked hole with the pad of his thumb.

"Again—no comment," Homelander replied, almost steadily. Almost.

Butcher snorted and slipped two of his fingers back inside Homelander, pressing them all the way up against his prostate. Homelander let out a surprised noise, almost dropping his bent legs he was holding up. Butcher now could focus on matching the massaging motions of his two hands, one inside Homelander, the other around his balls, rubbing and coaxing, inside and outside.

"Shit—" Homelander gasped, his head tipping back.

"Oi. Homelander doesn't swear." Butcher chided him.

"Stop, you're going to make me—" A whine, not a warning. High-pitched and pathetic, just how Butcher liked it.

"What, pop off?" Butcher would shrug if his arms weren't so busy. "Guess so."

Cementing his carefree choice, he sped up his slicked thrusts. His fingertips were prodding at Homelander's prostate over and over now. His other hand climbed higher up his cock, not even grabbing it, just massaging it with the heel of his palm, pressing it into Homelander's already twitching abs.

"Thought you wanted to—" Homelander lifted his head, his hair was in disarray from the writhing he'd been doing on the coarse mattress. His face was locked in a strange grimace, probably from the effort of holding back an orgasm, which was an unusual feat of restraint for him.

"Fuck you? I'll get there." Butcher flashed a grin at Homelander as he finished another sentence for him, briefly slowing down.

Homelander stared at him with one-eyed disbelief for only a second before a hand on his cock overwhelmed him completely. His head dropped back on the mattress, and he must have given up on trying to be the responsible one because then he was spreading his thighs further.

Butcher rumbled, pleased. He left Homelander's pretty dick alone, taking his hand away and using it to prop himself up before ramming his fingers deep inside the wet hole again. And again, and again. Squelching noises accompanied the pounding rhythm, mixing with the loud panting below him. Butcher went hard and fast, very aware that Homelander could take all of that and more. The cunt tried to hold off, he saw that in the way his face twisted up even more, distorting that TV-ready appearance into something ugly and finally genuine. He tried, but it only took a few more thrusts of his fingers before he was locking up and coming with a sudden grunt that definitely sounded annoyed. Homelander's hips jerked up, and his flushed cock shot the first line of cum all the way to his chest.

Butcher stopped his fingers immediately, now that he had a show to catch.

He watched intently as Homelander let out another frustrated yet ecstatic noise, a moan that tapered off into a dying hum—then Butcher watched two, three, four more weak spurts of cum dribble out of the tip of Homelander's cock, thick white ropes drooling and breaking off underneath their own weight to pool between the folds of Homelander's stomach.

Beautiful performance, as always. Cinematic even.

Butcher carefully pulled his fingers out and climbed off the bed, giving the cunt a merciful moment to get his bearings. He had his own strained cock to tend to anyway. Homelander finally stopped holding up his legs, letting them drop onto the mattress, his spent cock shifting between them. Homelander let out a long and irritated groan at that, rubbing at the side of his face with his splayed hand.

"Bit of a hair trigger there, huh, mate?" Butcher asked, very pleased with himself. He finally peeled off his underwear, letting his cock spring out of it.

"It's—been a while." A growl that barely got past the gritted teeth was the only response he got from Homelander. Until an even more strangled addition followed: "Sir."

"Naaaah, I think you're always like this." Butcher grinned, his hand still wrapped around his cock, its weight swollen and satisfying already.

Homelander had no answer for him. What he wanted to say would probably not fly past the script supervisor in his head, so instead he just clenched his jaw harder. His face was the only part of him showing any tension—the rest of his body was so invitingly limp. His cock was soft and just lying there against his thigh, its head resting in the already-cooling smear of cum.

Butcher observed him. He absent-mindedly thumbed back his foreskin as he did, his other hand blindly reached for lube. He was still looking at Homelander while he slicked himself up, giving himself a few unhurried tugs. Their eyes met, and Homelander shifted abruptly under his gaze, seemingly overstimulated from just that brief connection.

He usually gave him a bit more time to recover after coming, but after that shudder, it just wasn't an option. Butcher climbed on the bed again, pushing his way between Homelander's legs. He knew two things for sure: he wanted to fuck that blond cunt, and he wanted to see his face as he did.

"Open 'em." He instructed, his voice getting gravelly. Between his thighs, the first string of precum dripped to the sheets.

Homelander sluggishly managed to draw his knees up again, but before he could do anything else, Butcher got impatient. With another low noise, he reached down and hoisted Homelander's right leg all the way over his shoulder. He was close already, but he wanted to be even closer. He leaned down, bending the braced leg even deeper into Homelander's chest, who simply took it, his hips raising, his spine curling slightly. His right knee was almost all the way to his shoulder.

Butcher glanced at the insane stretch he just put him in and checked for signs of discomfort on Supe's face. He found only half-lidded blue eyes staring at the bobbing cock between his legs.

He couldn't hold back.

"Fan question—how the hell are you so limber? Yoga?" Butcher asked. He would've probably torn his hamstrings to shreds if he tried the same pose.

"Flying," Homelander replied in a strained voice.

Alright. Made sense to him.

Butcher took his cock in his hand again and lined it up with the hole he had prepared so well. Tugged at it one more time—completely unnecessary, he was more than ready. One hand on Homelander's thigh, the other at the base of his cock, Butcher pushed in with just the tip.

"Woof." Butcher muttered, sinking lower against Homelander, their foreheads almost touching.

He'd never get tired of the way his hole was virginally tight every time they fucked. A warm ring of muscles basically sucking him in, deeper and deeper. Homelander grimaced underneath him, either still too sensitive or not happy with his review.

Now that Butcher was slowly rubbing his way in, he realized it really had been too long. He squeezed at the thigh between their chests, sinking his fingertips as deep as he could, knowing that they wouldn't leave a mark—but wouldn't that be nice? Just as nice as the slicked drag of his cock that he was currently experiencing, pushing through wet and warm vice. He finally bottomed out—and brushed against the still sensitive prostate, earning a quiet, protesting grunt from Homelander.

He grinned at the flushed face below him. But decided to be nice for now—he wasn't like Homelander, he could hold off if he wanted to. He had ears of experience and a variety of scenarios on him. Butcher pulled out and slid halfway back in. And again, he kept his thrusts incomplete, slow and testing. Tension still coiled in his gut, but he decided to direct it elsewhere for now. He craned his head low, almost putting his entire weight on the Homelander's leg between them, deepening the stretch—which gave him access to his neck, and he didn't waste any time pressing his mouth against it. A bare minimum of a kiss because what he actually was after was sucking in that unblemished skin and biting down as hard as he could.

Homelander made another noise. Not pained, never pained. Just surprised, because the poor, sheltered cunt could never predict what Butcher was about to do to him and his perfect, manufactured body. Butcher huffed, pulling at the bit of skin he managed to catch, stretching it with his teeth. He could never make Homelander bleed, never make him hurt, never leave a mark—but it still felt good to bite down on something warm and alive.

"You need to be—careful, sir." Homelander breathed next to his ear, his own arms moving to wrap around Butcher's back.

"Yeah? How so?" Butcher let go of the indestructible flesh between his teeth. He eased up on the stretch and returned to pushing his cock in, now all the way in.

"I have to go on a stage in a few hours—" Homelander cut himself off with a short groan when the tip of Butcher's cock rubbed up against his prostate, but then he was powering through his scripted line, his blue eyes darting up to him, intently: "—the Believe Expo tonight—"

Butcher felt his eyes open wide. He slowly craned his head down, fully meeting the expectant gaze underneath him.

"Oh, you—" He couldn't finish. Butcher groaned, his hands raking at the unscarred skin underneath them. And with a rough grunt, he immediately snapped his hips forward in a full thrust.

The idea of Homelander getting fucked in the ass right before making a speech in front of a crowd full of nutter Christians made Butcher crack immediately, destroying his restraint. He fixed his hold on Homelander's leg and drove his cock in again, and again—building a proper fucking rhythm now.

He should have expected the cunt would be good at improv. He really should have.

"Fuckin'—diabolical." Butcher had to give him that one. With great effort and internal protest, but he had to.

Homelander gasped underneath him, holding onto him. His head started to rock back and forth from the fucking Butcher was giving him now. The foot that wasn't braced against Butcher's shoulder found its way to his calf, pressing down on it like a strange anchor.

"Now, sir—" Homelander tried but got interrupted.

"You're gonna limp onto that stage by the time I'm done with ya." Butcher hissed.

Just like the bitemarks he could never force, that would also never happen—but he let himself get carried away by the fantasy. The tightness around his cock somehow got even hotter, even tighter. Or maybe it was his own mounting desperation that made it feel so.

He forced himself as deep as he could, his face twisted into something angry and bestial, just as his next taunt:

"All the Supes in the audience will smell me on you."

"Shi—" Homelander barely managed to catch his next swear. His left arm blindly flew out to brace himself on the headboard behind, maybe looking to grasp onto something solid that wasn't Butcher.

Butcher didn't stop there, didn't want to stop there:

"And just to make sure they do, I'll slip a plug in you when I'm done here." He snarled. "Keep all of my cum inside you."

"Fuuuuck—" Homelander finally gave up on any sort of internal censorship. He surrendered completely, not just his words. His head tipped all the way back and both of his arms dropped to the mattress. A permanent expression of shock on his face made him look like he was gasping for air.

Butcher grunted, screwing his eyes shut as a particular flutter of Homelander's hole around him almost made him come on the spot. He barely held it back—but with eyes closed, his mind couldn't help but wander. Suddenly, he was imagining the exact scenario he had just described.

Homelander in his hero suit, standing in front of headlights and cameras—looking like he always did, picture perfect, fresh out of his plastic box. But there would be something wrong. In his eyes, in the way he stood. Something tainted, dirty. Something making everyone around him uncomfortable, like there was a secret buried somewhere and they didn't even know where to start looking for it—but they'd never question the great Homelander, they'd never ask him if he was okay. And then Butcher thought about him leaving the stage, back to the dressing room, where he'd wait for him. He thought about how he'd push him against the

wall, slip the buttplug out of him, and take him again, this time between the rack of costumes and a make-up chair. All while someone could walk in on them, either Vought or the Boys.

He sometimes wanted that. For his team to find out that Butcher went back on everything he stood for and began a relationship with Homelander of all people. He liked imagining their shocked and betrayed faces.

Opening his eyes again, Butcher doubled down. He fucked into Homelander even harder, fast, and rough enough to make his lower back protest. Sweat was creeping onto his skin now, making his shirt stick to him uncomfortably.

Underneath him, Homelander was watching him with a half-vacant stare.

He knew that look. Butcher huffed out an amused breath, slowing down. He didn't need fantasies or imaginary scenarios anymore. The best thing was right here, in front of him.

"Did'ja go under, love?" He asked.

He didn't know what to exactly call what happened to Homelander in moments like these. It was a state of complete openness, of mute obedience. Too overwhelmed to speak, only present enough just to listen to whatever Butcher told him. The scene and the script had to be less than a memory to him now.

Butcher couldn't help it. The pumping of his hips slowed down to a much more gentle, almost stuttering motion. He bent down to press his forehead against Homelander's temple, exhaling with so much satisfaction. His beard against his cheek, his grin so close to his famously blue eyes. Homelander blinked rapidly, and Butcher felt the drag of his eyelashes against his skin.

"What did that, me talkin' bout pluggin' your hole?" Butcher grinned, stilling completely and shifting back.

Homelander responded by screwing his eyes shut as if the mental image hurt him. Butcher bared his teeth at him, triumphantly—and suddenly snapped his hips forward, marking his victory and forcing a rough grunt out of the cunt.

"Ohhh, wish I could. Wish I had somethin' with me here." Fuck the scene and fuck the script, that didn't matter anymore. This was better, this was real, not play-pretend. Butcher quickly filled the silence between them with words and strained breathing, as he kept pumping into that tight hole: "Next time, huh, love? You can steal another toy from your poor CEO, and I'll plug ya with it. Make you—fuck—make you walk around with my filthy human cum still inside you."

Homelander's mouth fell open so he could moan at his words. Loud. Loud enough to echo between the unlived-in walls. Butcher spared a very distracted thought to his neighbors, who were probably more used to this apartment being completely quiet, not filled with heated yowls.

"Jesus, you listenin' to yourself?" Butcher laughed, all sorts of delighted noises escaping his self-control now. They had that in common, the two of them. But whenever Homelander let

go of his words, Butcher just got chattier, meaner. "Big and powerful Supe gettin' off to bein' filled by someone like me."

"Shut uuuup—" Homelander finally managed to say something, only to definitely break his character for good. He desperately threw his arm over his eyes, maybe to hide from him or the cameras. Butcher could feel the unmistakable swell of Homelander's cock brushing against his stomach on every deeper thrust.

"Alright then," Butcher grunted out with effort.

They played around for long enough. They rubbed, touched, bit, and panted enough tonight, and now Butcher didn't want to hold back any longer. He fucked into Homelander's tight hole a few more times, focusing on the inhuman squeeze around his cock, the swelling of his veins —until he finally made one final push, putting all of his strength into it, making his ballsack slap loudly against Homelander's ass. He came all at once, a swell of his vein, and a sudden wetness exploding all around his cock.

It felt like something tore him open, mauled him up, and instantly put him together just in time to enjoy the release. A gasp rocked his entire body, setting in motion the spread of bliss down his every limb, urging him to just sit back and relax—but all Butcher could think of was to keep pumping, keep spreading the mess of heat he was currently rubbing his cock into.

"Billy—" Homelander whined tearfully underneath him.

"Shh, shh." He hushed him with effort, as if more words were going to follow. There was no chance of that, not with the way Homelander was now, but Butcher couldn't risk it. He had had to focus on filling him up while he still could.

Every muscle in his body twisted up in pure protest, his cock felt rubbed raw—and he just couldn't keep going. He finally stopped after one last pathetic half-rut into Homelander.

"Fuuuckin' hell." Butcher choked out, barely audible. Leftover warmth everywhere, around his spent cock, inside his guts, even underneath his complexion. He felt cradled.

He sighed, shifting back on his knees. Butcher released the leg that was braced on his shoulder, setting it down on the mattress. His cock slipped out of the wet hole, dripping onto the sheets. While his own breathing was slowing down, Homelander was still panting underneath him. Butcher watched him drown for a bit with mild interest, too sluggish to act yet.

Finally, he got off the bed. His legs moved as if made of lead, but Butcher managed to take a few steps away from Homelander, his spent cock swaying between his thighs. Homelander didn't even move, lying still and not touching himself, despite how hard he was again.

Good boy, as usual.

"Want to come again?" Butcher asked, too drained to taunt. Just a genuine question.

Homelander nodded desperately. Butcher couldn't see his eyes, they were still hidden by the forearm pressed to them, but his mouth was locked in a pained grimace. His good boy got really worked up by the looks of it. And really embarrassed by that as well.

"Alright. But you're gonna have to give me a hand." Butcher informed him as he very carefully sat at the edge of the bed. "C'mere."

He had to pull Homelander closer by tugging on his knee, shifting him toward himself. The angle wasn't ideal, Butcher had to painfully twist his spine to be able to reach him again, but he managed.

"Exclusive preview, cunt." He announced, no real heat behind his words. A term of endearment and a promise of things to come.

Without warning, he scooped up whatever cum managed to drip out of Homelander's hole with two fingers and stuffed it back inside in one push.

Homelander's spine arched violently as he let out a sob-like noise, his arm pressing down onto his eyes to smother the brief flash of red underneath it. His cock jumped up as well, its head so flushed and shiny already. A perfectly gorgeous reaction, Butcher had to admit. If he wasn't so spent after his orgasm, that sight alone would've been enough to make his guts knot up again.

He pushed his fingers deep inside Homelander, letting the heat of his own cum warm them up again. He couldn't resist a few sloppy thrusts—just noisily exploring the slicked walls, enjoying the mess he left behind—but stopped before going too far, leaving his fingertips slightly curled and pressed against the cunt's prostate.

"Go on." Butcher encouraged him calmly. He could leave the growls and the snarls behind now.

Homelander bit down on his lip and silently reached for his cock. It was wet enough to allow for a few almost shy tugs—and when Butcher didn't say anything, he finally got brave enough to start jerking himself off.

"There you go, good lad." Butcher curled his fingers a bit further in, just a bit. "I ain't kiddin' about that plug, by the way."

Homelander groaned at that, finally pulling his arm away from his face so he could sit up properly and prop himself up. His ass squeezed around his fingers as he did that, and Butcher almost sighed wistfully.

Messy hair and red-rimmed eyes, his teeth bared—Homelander looked like he was seconds away from losing it. He eagerly pumped his cock, staring down at the hand between his thighs with a single-minded focus. Butcher might as well not have been in the room—which was fine by him. Meant he could just enjoy watching Homelander. Like he'd been doing for a while now. A long while.

Only when the sounds of slapping skin and cut-off grunts got more insistent did he make his presence known again. Almost lazily, he pressed harder against Homelander's prostate—and wrestled another messy orgasm from him, as if at the push of a button. Not as impressive as before but still a good show: his blond head tipped back, throat bared, more cum dripping, fingers digging into the mattress, leaving a series of imprints in it, unearthing the cheap yellow foam. All the classics.

Butcher slipped his fingers out, giving the wet rim one last brush with his thumb. As soon as Homelander was free of him, he had to collapse, his back hitting the bed again. Butcher wiped his hand on the already damaged mattress while Homelander worked hard to get his breathing under control. There was a sense of pride swelling inside Butcher, but it would go uninvestigated as it usually did. He just patiently waited for the cunt to come back to him.

Homelander was staring at the ceiling, his boneless arms crossed above his head. Each rapid blink of his eyes returned more and more presence to them.

"Golly." He suddenly muttered at the ceiling.

Butcher let out an amused huff of air as he got up again. He almost lost his balance, dangerously swayed backward like a drunk, but managed to keep himself upright with an awkward stumble of his feet. And didn't care if Homelander saw that.

"What do they say on a set when the scene is over?" He asked the cooling pile of limbs on the bed. And sniffed loudly, shrugging off the sweated-through shirt from his back.

"Cut," Homelander informed him hoarsely.

"Alright, that." Butcher waved his hand and started to shamble out of the bedroom, completely naked. "Wait here."

His bare feet took him to the living room, where his discarded coat was, still on the floor. He kicked it around without picking it up until he found a pocket, and in it, his cigarettes. Then he moved onto the kitchen, grabbing another bottle of beer from the fridge and a tea towel that looked unused. Hands full now, he padded back to the bedroom, sighing heavily on the way.

Homelander was still in the same spot he had left him in, still staring at the ceiling. Butcher unceremoniously threw the tea towel onto his stomach. The cunt needed a moment to coordinate his limbs enough to pick it up, then even more time to wipe at his stomach and between his legs. Butcher observed him from the doorframe, wordlessly lighting up his cigarette. They couldn't shut up before, but now the silence felt good. Earned. Butcher stood there, blowing out the first plume of smoke and turning his attention back to the beer in his other hand.

Shit. Forgot a bottle opener—Butcher glanced around the bedroom for some flat surface he could use before he realized he didn't need any of that.

He walked up to the bed. Homelander was sitting at the edge of it, investigating his attempt at cleaning himself. Then he shifted like he was about to get up, but Butcher interrupted him by

shoving a beer bottle in his face. The blond head jerked back a little in confusion, and the blue eyes narrowed at him in a mute question.

"It ain't for you. Just need you to open it." Butcher explained, puffing out more smoke.

Homelander glanced up at him and snorted. He grabbed the neck bottle and flicked the cap on it with just his thumb. The piece of metal flew off, bounced off the wall with a satisfying clink, and rolled away to hide somewhere.

"Cheers." Butcher tipped the bottle at the cunt and took a well-deserved swig, collapsing back next to him.

A cig and a beer after a rough shag. It was probably the feel-good endorphins talking, but in moments like these, Butcher almost could believe that life was beautiful.

He suddenly wanted to grab his phone and tip his Uber driver again.

For now, he just took another swig and another drag. Homelander didn't seem in a hurry to leave anymore, choosing to lean back on the bed. And so they sat together, both naked and both silent. They sat there long enough for Butcher to almost finish his cigarette, haphazardly ashing it on the carpet right below them.

Finally, Butcher felt like saying something. Just to put a ribbon on the whole thing.

"Hope I'm not inflatin' your ego more than it already is, but this was… somethin' else." Butcher paused to take another drag; the tobacco in his cigarette hissed viciously. His next words were rough from the smoke he hadn't finished exhaling yet: "You still got it, huh?"

Homelander was staring at the window across from them, barely blinking. He looked distracted. "Yep. Still got it. Playing a puppet. Still good at it. Who would've thought."

He sounded bitter, more bitter than a guy who just came twice had a right to sound.

Butcher quickly glanced at him, furrowing his brows. "What are you on about?"

It didn't seem like Homelander had heard him. There was no reaction to his question, just more of that blank, frozen expression. A twinge of worry tugged at Butcher.

Until Homelander suddenly looked at him again. In an instant, he was sitting up and hooking his arm around Butcher's waist, dragging him to his side, hip-to-hip. His eyes were alert and focused now, a complete change from the quiet look he had on his face just a second ago. Homelander bit down on his bottom lip and smiled around it, a strangely toothy and sharp grin.

"We had some fun tonight, right, buddy?" The tone of his voice was upbeat—but this wasn't the cheerful, camera-ready voice he'd been hearing this whole evening. This was the voice of a homicidal cunt considering snapping his neck like it meant nothing to him. Homelander was close now, right next to his face, close enough that Butcher could feel his breath tickle his beard. The arm around his waist flexed, teetering on the edge of bruising. Homelander let

his voice drop as he added: "But just so you know, I wouldn't push your luck like that very often."

Ah. The posturing phase. Butcher should have expected it—but after that brief emptiness in Homelander's eyes, he was strangely relieved to see it. He knew how to deal with that.

He calmly plucked the mostly finished cigarette from his mouth and pushed it into the bottle in his hand, drowning it in the last bit of beer. Still holding the makeshift ashtray, Butcher just sort of shrugged, side-eyeing the cunt: "Y'know, you can just kiss me if you want to. Don't have to always threaten me to get close first."

Homelander watched him for a brief, tense moment—and then he laughed before forcefully turning Butcher's head toward him and planting that quick kiss on his mouth.

"You're so smart." Homelander rumbled at him, still so close to his face. He licked his lips, maybe to get the taste of nicotine off them. Butcher didn't move, letting the cunt press his mouth against his neck next. It was time to just sit there and let the cunt play with his food. Homelander continued, now completely casual: "Did you like my performance? I've never heard you so riled up."

"Yeah?" Butcher swirled the beer bottle in his hand while Homelander nosed at his neck. The same spot that Butcher bit earlier, a transfer and another threat.

"Uh-huh. You were kinda disgusting." Homelander breathed out, just a hint of teeth against his jugular. Butcher passively craned his head to one side, giving Homelander more access to his vital veins and whatnot. He just had to be patient now—and he found that easy after tonight. The cunt continued his excited interview, nosing at the nook of his neck: "Was it because you got to drag a nice, hard-working hero down into the mud with you?"

Partly. But that wasn't the point of this whole exercise.

"All I cared about tonight was makin' you break that character, love." Butcher finally turned his head toward him, his nose brushing against the strands of blond hair that still smelled like the world's most expensive hair gel to him, despite all that workout they did. "Ain't here for an overgrown Boy Scout. "

Homelander suddenly stopped his non-bites, his non-promises of ripping his throat out. It looked like he was listening in to what his blood and his heartbeat were saying after that declaration. Finally, he sighed into his skin, and the arm around Butcher's waist fell off like a snapped manacle, setting him free.

"Well." Homelander hummed, pulling back. "I got into it too."

"I know." Butcher allowed himself a bit of a flat tone.

"Who doesn't like a good throwback, right? From time to time." Homelander continued, as if there was someone else in the room who needed an explanation for everything that had happened tonight.

"Sure." Butcher agreed like a proper diplomat.

"Hmm." Homelander eyed him up and down—but he seemed less tense.

Butcher could have left it at that. Crisis averted, his job well done, he wasn't going to get his neck snapped, and all that. But he didn't. He continued:

"Look, if I wanted nice and easy from life, I wouldn't be here. And I don't mean here with you, I mean here, in general." Butcher pursed his lips, briefly thinking about a life unlived. And then he shook his head, putting down the ashtray-bottle on the floor. "I'd probably be an accountant in London or some shite like that."

Homelander stared at him. And snorted loudly.

Butcher pounced on that immediately. Laughing was good, laughing meant Homelander wasn't overthinking unimportant shit. He feigned offence as he barked at him: "What, what are you laughin' at?"

"You, William Butcher, an accountant." The cunt cocked a very amused brow at him.

"Yeah, why not? What, you think I can't add numbers?" Butcher continued in the same fake outrage.

"A lot more than that goes into accounting, speaking from experience." Homelander sat up, his head tipped back in an unbearably smug angle.

Butcher pretended to think for a second before suggesting: "Subtracting?"

Homelander snorted again. And shook his head, as if fed up with him already.

"You stayin' the night?" Butcher changed the topic, continuing the distraction.

"Do you want me to?" Homelander stood up, clearly not caring about the fact that he was completely naked. He even raised his arms to his hair to start slicking it back, taming it back into its corporate shell.

Butcher shrugged. "Might be your one and only opportunity in this place."

"Why?" Homelander glanced down at him.

"Well, I have to get rid of it now," Butcher replied, like that was obvious.

Homelander just narrowed his eyes at him, waiting for further explanation.

Butcher grimaced. Right, maybe he should have bit his tongue. The reality of their situation was calling, and he just had to get it over with then. He sighed, stretching his legs for a bit: "I have to get rid of it because someone else knows about it now."

"That's it?" Homelander dropped his arms and shifted closer to him, probably confused by the depths of his paranoia. "That's the only reason?"

"Yeah," Butcher muttered. And quickly tried to regain control over the conversation by turning the question on Homelander: "Why do you care? It's my apartment."

"I don't care. Just doesn't seem very fair." Homelander shrugged. And then he asked, his tone softening: "You know so much about me, why can't I know this one stupid thing about you?"

Butcher stared at him.

He sighed, knowing that trying to argue right now would make him look ridiculous. And being ridiculous was mainly reserved for the man currently standing in front of him.

"You want me to keep it, you better fuckin' chip in." Butcher gave up, sinking even lower on the bed. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to move all their hookups here—if only to avoid certain concerned eyes. "This place looks cheap, but it isn't."

"Sure. Send Ashley the bill." Homelander patted him on his shoulder, definitely fully back to his usual annoying self.

"Jesus, you are robbin' that bird blind." Butcher didn't exactly feel bad for her, but he supposed he should say something.

"That's what she's for," Homelander informed him casually, already padding away—to the bathroom, was Butcher's guess.

He was left alone in his bedroom. He slowly looked around the unfamiliar walls, trying them on for a change, and wondered how he'd feel seeing them more often.

He realized he'd need to go out and stock the fridge the next day. And buy some fresh covers. Maybe he wouldn't end up bleeding on those. And if he did, maybe it would be the good kind of bleeding—the excited veins and wide grins kind of bleeding.

Someone turned on the shower in the apartment.

Butcher listened to the hum of water for a little while before swaying up to his feet with a tired groan and shuffling toward the noise.

End Notes

HI GUYS.... i wanted to write something silly and goofy as a sort of apology for final chapter of my multichapter series .... and then this thing just ballooned to the word count you see now IM REALLY SORRY . if youre somehow still reading THANK YOU i hope u enjoyed it...i love to write clown shit for the two of them... sorry i love when they bicker..... if you've read my other one-shots, this one comes sometime after the merch review one. TY FOR READING LOVE UUU

writing updates and deleted scenes etc @ ficyorick tumblr dot com

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